

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

News and Gossip Of Capital Social Doings and Fads

DEAR SUSAN:
This has been a week of varied activities and typical, doubtless, of what the coming season is likely to bring forth. We had sundry dinners, including one with the Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing as hosts, another given in their honor by the Lord Chief Justice of England and Lady Reading and a third at the home of Don Joaquin Mendez, minister of Guatemala, where they shared honors with the members of the special missions from the host's own country. The Minister of Switzerland and Mrs. Butler were also among the dinner hosts of the week; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Logan's dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Hurley was followed by dancing, and by way of purely social diversion we had also the festivities in honor of Dorothea Owen and John Cameron Hawkins, whose wedding yesterday was an interesting climax to the week's program.

First Concert of the Season.

We had the first concert of the season, one of the Ten Star Series, with Mrs. Wilson in attendance and hostess to a very distinguished little box party. We had the cabinet luncheon with Mrs. Lansing, a function too informal and too much on a family to be called a luncheon, but distinctly important because it was on this occasion that the cabinet women "framed" their social code for the coming winter, a code which will regulate official entertaining and official calling to the background, to leave them free for service in the wartime activities to which they are devoting time and strength.

The ban on entertaining of an official nature would doubtless be lifted in favor of any of the visiting foreign potentates who have come so numerous to Washington of late, and, indeed, Secretary and Mrs. Lansing will make an exception in the case of such of the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries as have not already been entertained at the home of the Secretary of State. Then, of course, the cabinet women are making no attempt to act as a unit in the matter of entertaining and being entertained in their personal capacities.

Liberty Bonds Big Event.

For the first time since the United States entered the world conflict Red Cross work and other wartime activities have had a rival in the interest of Washington society. Yes, the Liberty loan drive, of course—the drive which reached its culmination during the past week and was marked by such picturesque demonstrations as the lighting of the mammoth "bond" fire on the Ellipse. Mrs. McAdoo's was the torch which set aflame a chain of Liberty beacons from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and not even the drenching rain could dampen the ardor of the huge crowd which stood with heads uncovered to watch the exercises or quench the blaze which leaped high into the darkened heavens.

So much "Liberty loan" did we hear that I came to the point of asking, "How many bonds do you take in your lot?" And a friend of mine went so far as to demand of an elderly colored woman, a servant who had been in her family for years, if she had bought her bond. The old woman, who now lives in a comfortable little home on the outskirts of town, grinned at the idea. Then she grew serious. "You know, Miss Amy, I can't buy no bonds," she said, "but that's somethin' I would like to do for the Government." A little questioning elicited the fact that she wanted to have soldiers, boys of her own race, with her for Thanksgiving dinner. She was even plotting to kill "Jack Johnson and his brother," two fat "Slovak" ducks, who were at the moment quacking loudly in her bit of a garden, in honor of the occasion.

"Mammy" Soldiers.

The difficulty was that she didn't know just how to go about inviting her guests. This "Miss Amy" promised to attend to her, and when we left the dear old soul was planning a dinner fit for a king and gazing over the fact that, being the possessor of a victrola, she could give



MISS ETHEL HICKEY.

An interesting girl, who is a great favorite in Washington society. Her sisters are Miss Bessie Hickey and Mrs. Dilworth Hubbard, of Washington and Philadelphia.

the boys a good time. "Miss Amy" cook immediately wanted to know if she, too, couldn't be asked to the party, to which canny Aunt Dilsey replied, "You kin come, but you've got to pay for 'em dinner. Feedin' you ain't got nothin' to do with doin' my bit."

There is a pretty sentiment attached to the selection of Bethlehem Chapel for Dorothea Owen's marriage to Cameron Hawkins, for the bride was four years a student at the Cathedral school for girls just over the way, she saw the laying of the corner stone of the little chapel, and frequently attended service there before it was completed. There could have been no more charming setting for a wedding than the beautifully designed stone chapel, and there was a distinct touch of originality about the costuming of the bridal party, the maids being gowned, like the bride, in white velvet. Their huge sheaves of American Beauty roses and Alice O'Gorman's splendid shock of red hair struck the only note of color save for the autumn tints of the decorations.

The President and Mrs. Wilson attended the wedding and, of course, official and diplomatic society was well represented. Owing to the Congressional recess, however, there were many gaps in the Congressional ranks and not a few absentees among the Senators who were there to wish their colleagues' daughter happiness. The home of Senator and Mrs. Owen in K street, where the bride and bridegroom received the congratulations of their hosts of friends after the ceremony, has been the scene of much notable hospitality. General Chaffee lived there for many years, the old fine, roomy old house providing a charming setting for the many rare and beautiful things he had picked up in the Orient. Assistant Secretary Wharton had the house during part of the McKinley Administration and afterward Mr. Nagel lived in it while he was Secretary of the Interior.

Another Wedding Reception.

Moreover it was there that the wedding reception of Miss Edith Foster, daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. John W. Foster, and sister of Mrs. John W. Foster, and the Rev. Allen Macy Dulles took place. There was a disastrous fire at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Foster in I street the very night before the wedding and an old friend of the family, Mrs. Charles Nordhoff, came to the rescue of the bride by offering her house, now the home of the Owens, for the reception. I wonder whether the wedding presents were burned? Yesterday's bride received many rare and lovely gifts, among the most interesting being a

pair of wonderful Cathedral candlesticks over 500 years old. Secretary and Mrs. Lansing slipped away yesterday afternoon to pass the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Harlie at Gunston Hall. Mrs. Lansing's niece, Natalie Dulles, went with them but there were no other guests, the little outing being arranged as a rest and pleasant diversion for Mr. Lansing. Mrs. Deane Edwards, another niece of Mrs. Lansing, who is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Foster and Secretary and Mrs. Lansing, will remain in Washington until some time next week.

Nowadays the woman or girl not armed with knitting needles is a bit conspicuous. On the street cars, in the hotels, walking, riding, or sitting about, women ply their needles persistently; and I notice that the girls of the Cathedral School, who are in the habit of strolling up and down under the trees between breakfast and the beginning of classes, always have their knitting tucked under their arms while their busy fingers fly.

Mrs. Zane Is Needle Wonder.

One little lady I know, Mrs. Zane, wife of Rear Admiral Abraham V. Zane, U. S. N., retired, has certainly accomplished wonders with her needles. Through her efforts alone, all of the sailors on the ship to which her son, Paymaster William S. Zane, U. S. N., is attached, have been supplied with five knitted articles each, a sweater, a hood, a scarf, socks, and mittens. Mrs. Zane knitted many of them herself and begged the rest of her friends. Though there are several hundred men on the ship, she provided for every one and had about a score of acts left over.

Mrs. James Carroll Fraser, chairman of the comforts committee of the Navy League, is said to be more responsible than any other person in the United States for the furor of knitting which has now taken possession of American women. It is an interesting question, though, whether the Navy League comforts committee or the Red Cross has set the greater number of knitting needles going.

Preston Gibson Writes Interestingly.

Preston Gibson writes the most interesting letters from abroad. He is working with the ambulance corps in the front line trenches somewhere in France and consequently his letters, though thrilling, are sometimes a bit depressing. Most of his work is done during the night when the darkness lends it aid in taking out the wounded in safety. Generally work begins about 1 o'clock in the morning, although during one drive Mr. Gibson wrote that he did not



MRS. JOE R. BRABSON.

Wife of Captain Brabson, Third Field Artillery, U. S. A. Mrs. Brabson, who is now at Fort Monroe with her father, made many friends in Washington during her husband's recent tour of duty at Fort Myer. She was Miss Margaret Kimberly.

have his clothes off for ninety consecutive hours. There was a shortage of ambulance workers so those on duty had to work incessantly. He said that the other day he turned eight men, who had been badly gassed, over to a hospital and was surprised to find that the nurse who took them in charge was none other than Janet Fish Hamilton, Fish's daughter. Mr. Gibson says he hopes to get a vacation in January or February; that he feels the need of a rest.

Washington's Leisure Class Now Its Busiest.

As the poorest people in England just now are the rich people, so the busiest class in Washington is the leisure class. Not only is everybody, man and woman, engaged in some sort of war work, but many girls who have been leading more or less butterfly existences, are getting down to brass tacks and becoming bread winners.

Go into the food administration, building, for instance, and you feel that you must be attending an afternoon tea or bridge party, for on all sides you are greeted by women who have been accustomed to meet at social functions. Emily Kutz, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Kutz, is there. Colonel Kutz, as you probably remember, resigned from the post of District Commissioner for active service, and has been in France for several months. Emily studied stenography in the spring, and accepted a position in the food administration when it was first organized. Emma Casey is working there, too; also Mary Radford, Katherine Duane, and a dozen other girls you and I know.

Nancy Jones, who works with the civilian relief committee, is taking a law course at George Washington University, in order that she may be better fitted for her duties. One of the Burleson girls—Lucy, I think—is studying stenography, evidently with the idea of doing something useful after she completes her course at one of the local business colleges; and at the same school are Helen Welsh, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Robert S. Welsh, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert H. Brown's elder daughter, Eloise Brown.

Then there's Christobel Hill. She, if you please, has taken over the Sands' school. Miss Sands, who is the daughter of the late Rear Admiral Sands, has for several years had a small and exclusive school for very young children, only a dozen or so in all. Last year Christobel helped her with her pupils, and this season, when Miss Sands decided to enter the Government service, she was asked to take full charge.

She has classes from 9 to 12 o'clock at her home, 1715 Eighteenth street, and her pupils ride fair to meet with great success. She has among her pupils the two young sons of Major and Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, 3d., Walter and Francis, and three of Dr. and Mrs. Ryan Devereux's daughter children. And after next week little Caroline de Buisseret is to be included in the roster of her pupils. This little girl has been making her home with her grandmother, Mrs. John P. Story, since the tragic death of her mother, Countess de Buisseret, in Belgium in the early days of the war. Her husband, who was in the diplomatic service of Belgium, was unable to reach her before she died.

Polly Patchin Back in Washington Again.

It's good to have Polly Patchin back again and comfortably established in an apartment at the Cordova side by side with the apartment where her mother, Mrs. Beverly Randolph Mason, lives. Just think Mrs. Patchin has been away from home years, and now there's another Polly in the family, a little lady who was christened Mary Halsey Patchin. She was born in London, and her elder sister, Betty, in China, so you see it's quite a cosmopolitan family.

Phil Patchin, who was sent to London by the New York Tribune in the early days of the war, came back in February, presumably on a short business trip, and left his family behind him. Then, after he reached Washington, he was drafted by the State Department to do a short publicity work, and Mrs. Patchin and the two little girls passed many lonely months in England before they could come to him. It takes nerve to cross the ocean with two small children in these perilous times.

As Polly Mason, Mrs. Patchin was very popular in Washington before her marriage, and she has ever so

many friends here. She has two equally popular sisters, Julia Mason and Mrs. Glimmer Easley, who was Josephine Mason. The Easleys lived in Washington for some time after their marriage, but last summer they gave up their home here and went to live in Houston, Va., where Mr. Easley is managing a huge meal and flour mill concern. Josephine Easley was in Washington for a week or so after her sister's return, coming up to see Mrs. Patchin and get acquainted with her two little nieces. She stayed with Mrs. Mason.

It's a curious fact, by the way, that all three of the Patchin men married girls named Mary. Yes, Polly Patchin's official name is Mary. Bob Patchin married Mary Carter, and Mrs. Ira H. Patchin was Mary Nash.

Self-Made Californian Wins Capital.

At this time, when Washington literally swarms with interesting people from other cities, it is impossible to keep track of them all; but one man whom I met the other day did hold my attention. This was A. L. Burbank, of Los Angeles, a self-made man now worth millions. He is a member of the real estate firm of Burbank & Baker, of Los Angeles, a corporation which handles huge tracts of land such as Bradley Hills, for example, and develops them.

Mr. Burbank went to California some thirty years ago from Michigan, absolutely without a cent, and is now one of the biggest figures in the State, and altogether a most interesting person. He is the guest of his nephew, Dr. Caryl Burbank, at his lovely old fashioned residence, 2347 F street.

In searching for the best way of helping the cause along, Mrs. Appoline M. Blair has hit upon the idea of placing her delightful English home, Elmleigh, at Littlebourne, Canterbury,



MRS. LAWRENCE OTIS WILSON.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Ross McAdoo, and niece of William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury. She was Miss Mary Faith McAdoo, and was one of the attendants at the marriage of her cousin, Miss Nona McAdoo, and Ferdinand de Mohrenschildt, of the Russian embassy.

at the disposal of the Government for use as a recreation camp for the boys of the American expeditionary force. If her offer is accepted—she has heard nothing definite yet—Mrs. Blair will go abroad to superintend the work.

Elmleigh is a delightful old house, gabled and ivy clad, and with such an efficient person as Mrs. Blair in charge there is no doubt that valuable work will be accomplished at the camp—if it materializes. Unless she goes to England Mrs. Blair will remain in Washington all winter, keeping up her work as musical director of the Rubinstein Club and with the Y. W. C. A. Mrs. Blair's son, Lieut. Percy Blair, has sailed for France. He is an engineer with the aviation section, I believe.

Dr. Bell Sees Unwilling Of Monument.

It doesn't often come to a man to attend the unveiling of a monument to his own achievement; and Dr. Alexander Graham Bell has been so long a prominent figure in Washington that it is hard to realize that Canada ever did claim him for her own. But it was to the little town of Brantford, Ontario, that Dr. Bell, accompanied by Mrs. Bell, members of their family and a few intimate friends, went to participate in the unveiling of a monument commemorating the invention of the telephone.

For the inventor of the telephone, Scottish by birth, lived at Brantford, Ontario, when he first "came home from Scotland," and his old home there was the scene of most of the experiments which culminated in the telephone. Dr. Bell's admirers throughout Canada have purchased the little homestead, have turned the dozen acres surrounding it into a park in which on Wednesday last was unveiled the memorial in question.

The unveiling ceremonies were attended by no less a personage than the governor general of Canada, the Duke of Devonshire, with the premier, Sir Robert Borden, while the

Congressmen Go To Europe for View of War

Quite a few members of Congress seem to have taken advantage of the recess to slip over to Europe to see a little of the war at first hand. Every few days I hear of others. Congressman Clarence D. Miller, of Duluth, Minn., has come over to study war conditions and is accompanied by Congressman Richard Wayne Parker of New Jersey, Congressman Edward T. Taylor of Colorado, Congressman Albert Johnson of Washington, Congressman William S. Goodwin of Arkansas, Congressman Dan V. Stevens of Nebraska, Congressman Charles R. Timberlake of Colorado, Congressman C. C. Dill of Washington, Congressman Frederick C. Hicks of New York, and Congressman Porter Dale of Vermont, not to mention several ex-Congressmen.

Congressman Miller is a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and it is believed that his mission will include a consideration of the entrance of America into the inter-allied parliament, which already includes France, Italy, Great Britain, and Russia, and has held meetings in Paris and Rome. Mr. Miller's credentials will also enable him to obtain first hand accurate information of the conditions of the American troops and the operations of the Red Cross.

Mr. Miller is the type of American who will be a credit to his country abroad. He is the son of a Civil war veteran, was born on a farm, received his elementary education in country schools, attended high school and academy and was graduated from the State University first in the collegiate and afterward in the law department.

He taught school and became a superintendent of schools, giving that up to practice law in Duluth. The people of that city began sending him to Congress in the Sixty-first session and have continued it ever since.

Ted Baldwin Does His Bit at Home.

Not to be outdone by his father, Col. Theodore Baldwin, young Ted Baldwin has answered the call to service. The Colonel expects to go to France shortly and, of course, his son, who has just attained the dignity of long trousers, is too young for anything of that sort. But, like Sentimental Tommy, he has "found a way" of being useful. I ran across him the other day in the "exchange" for the 311th Field Artillery at Camp Meade. "Teds" tends store, which isn't the most thrilling work in the world, just like keeping a country store. He is sticking manfully to his job and even sleeps behind the counter on a hard cot. Each regiment has its own exchange in charge of one of the officers, and all of them come under the supervision of Capt. Bob Devo.

Camp Meade boasts a collection of mascots. One regiment has a beautiful time with a brown bear about the size of a pony and one of the artillery regiments has a bulldog which cost \$1,500. I couldn't help but think what a fine automobile the price of him would buy. Fondly yours,

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